

100

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE, OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.
MR. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock county.

Mr. Depew thinks the arbitration
treaty between this country and England
is destined to become a law.

It is expected that President McKinley
will visit Bar Harbor some time during
the summer.

The proposition to build a 50-story
building, 700 feet in height, in New York,
shows that there is still room for more
at the top of a skyscraper.

We are sending out a few extra copies
to those not subscribers, and would be
pleased to receive an order to continue,
after a careful reading.

The moon needn't put on any more airs,
just at present. Professor Aarphor of
the Cordoba observatory asserts that the
moon is not a satellite of the earth, but
a planet.

Don't miss the grand announcement
of the new department in another
column. It is receiving favorable com-
ment from every quarter. Read it care-
fully and pass to your neighbor who is
not a subscriber, for in this way you
help him as well as yourself.

The printed roster of the State of
Maine Association of California includes
no less than 1,600 names, and this num-
ber does not comprise nearly all the
Maine people who have found new homes
in that "glorious climate." It is almost
astounding even to the imagination to
think of the hosts, the sons and daugh-
ters of Maine who have gone away from
us would make it all gathered together.

We desire to add one thousand names
to our list during the next thirty days,
and the substantial worth of the *Maine
Farmer* warrants active efforts by all our
friends. Will you not act as a good word
for the *Farmer* and all it is seeking to
do? The influence of old-time subscrib-
ers will aid greatly in securing the de-
sired end and be appreciated by the
proprietors.

In making up the forms last week,
a great blunder occurred, whereby the
last part of our leader on the "Annexation
of Hawaii" got transferred to the account
of the meeting of Androsoggin Grange,
and the closing proceedings of the
Grange put on to the leader. This is
an annexation of which we are not in
favor. With this explanation, we hope
our readers will be enabled to untangle
the mess.

Truly the *Portland Express* says that
the lesson the town of Vassalboro has
learned will be heeded by her, but scores
of other towns will try to get along, for
allged economy's sake, with inadequate
protection from fire, and learn the great
unwisdom of such a course after it is
too late. The history of town fires in
Maine shows that many towns take no
heed of the lessons that might have been
learned from the experience of others.

In the course of an after-dinner ad-
dress at Bowdoin, last week, Chief Jus-
tice Peters said, "I love Bowdoin College
because I love my State of Maine, and
the State loves Bowdoin College because
she is the most venerable of her colleges.
I think Bowdoin stands at the head of
colleges. I don't say universities—I
mean real universities. It takes a hun-
dred years to make a college. Any
legislature can make a university in a
single day." The point of this remark
lies in its application.

Those interested in the Farmers'
Product Co. of Maine met in Bangor,
Thursday, and transacted some business.
Mr. George W. Macfie, who originated
the plan, was present and there was an
extended consultation. Some new mem-
bers have been taken into the company,
which will now be pushed. Stock will
be subscribed for and general pro-
gress made. The plans of the company
are as before—the establishment of a
stock yard in Bangor, where the farm
products of Maine can have a natural
outlet.

In regard to a law passed by the last
Legislature which has been construed as
forbidding merchants selling paris green
to farmers, Governor Powers says: "I
am much inclined to think that a con-
struction that would prohibit the sell-
ing of paris green by traders for the
killing of potato bugs would make the
statute subject to great doubt as to its
constitutionality. I don't think that
good policy requires that it be enforced
as against merchants who sell paris
green to farmers for agricultural pur-
poses." Whatever was the intention of
the law-makers, the Supreme Court, and
not the Governor, is the interpreter of
the law.

Cable advices of this date to George
A. Cochran, Boston, from the principal
markets of Great Britain give butter
markets as very dull and lifeless in re-
sults of Continental and Irish continue
to be large. Weather conditions favor-
able for the make. There is a little bet-
ter feeling in America for future delivery
at about 16 1/2¢. Medium grades dull.
There is a fair demand for ladies and
imitations from 11 to 13¢. Cheese mar-
kets are all the turn easier in conse-
quence of reported heavy shipments this
week from Canada and America. Finest
American and Canadian new offered at
8 1/2¢ to 9¢, with the market tending
downward.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.

The return to New York last week of
thirteen colored persons who formed
part of a colony numbering two hundred
or more, sent to Liberia two years ago,
calls to mind the history of a scheme
which, in the jostle and push of other
important subjects, had been almost for-
gotten. This particular plan of African
colonization originated with Bishop
Turner while he was making a journey
through the South in 1894. A white
man, Jore, McMillin of Birmingham,
Ala., carried the plan into effect. He
organized what was known as the Inter-
national Emigration society, and made
big promises, among them claiming that
the president of Liberia had promised to
give all actual settlers land and farming
implements without money and without
price. In addition to this each person
was to be provided on landing with a
barrel of flour, two barrels of meat and a
quantity of sugar. One Johnson, an in-
telligent negro of Hot Springs, Ark.,
went to Liberia in 1894, and with him
went a committee to make the necessary
arrangements for the colonists, each of
whom was to pay a certain sum for
transportation and in addition must pos-
sess \$200 in gold as capital, upon which
to begin life in the new Utopia. The
climate and natural resources of the new
country were painted in glowing colors.
The first large party of colonists left
Georgia in March, 1895, and several small
parties followed later. The president of
the society, D. K. Flammer, accompanied
the emigrants, and the ragged prodigals
who have returned say that he basely
deserted them, taking with him every-
thing possible, and that the land that
had been provided was thirty-five miles
from any town; that it was land upon
which nothing would grow except coffee.
They allege that the scheme has been a
complete failure, and that many of the
colonists have died of malarial fever and
starvation. The society failed to fulfill
its contract, and many members of the
expedition are stranded in England, un-
able to get to their old homes in the
United States. The emigrants could
find absolutely nothing to do in their
new homes, as they came into direct
competition with the natives, who were
no clothing, and who had a monopoly of
all work at starvation prices.

The experience of these colonists, says
the *Portland Express*, is no new thing.
History continues to repeat itself. The
hardships experienced by the famous
Trojan in establishing an abiding place
for his household gods in Italy, were
nothing to what they would have been
had he trusted the expedition to a rep-
resentative who had the combination of
the cash box. The Pilgrim Fathers
were confronted by a condition and not
by a theory, and from the hour they
landed on Plymouth Rock until they
took firm root in the soil of Massachusetts
the Indians kept them so busy dodging
arrows and tomahawks that they had no
time to get financially corrupt. It was
not so many years ago that the
Saco valley to the banks of the Ohio, to
the wake of a Mormon Moses, and still
later Southern California gathered to its
arid bosom many New England people
who afterwards looked back on their old
homes with something of the feeling that
Adam and Eve must have experienced
after expulsion from Paradise. There is
always present with us a spirit of unrest,
an irritating belief that conditions are
not what they should be, and irrespon-
sible agitators, thoughtlessly or with
selfish ends in view, have little trouble
in making black appear white to our
affected vision. It is a far cry from Brook
Farm to Coxe's army, but in the light
of actual results they are included within
the same circle. The new scheme of
Debs and his followers is the latest, and
we shall see what we shall see. Many
theories are on ball bearings in
theory are found to cause too much fric-
tion for practical purposes when put
to actual test, and until the elements of
selfishness and fallibility have been en-
tirely eliminated from human nature
dwellers on this earth will continue to
see visions and dream dreams, and when
men are no longer selfish and quick to
get the better end of the bargain with
their fellows, or when they can be relied
on to make no mistakes, the walking
delegate and the calamity agitator will
have no reason for existence.

A very successful year of school at
Good Will Farm closed Thursday. The
school has numbered 140. W. W. Mayo,
who for three years has been the princi-
pal of the school and manager of the
Homes, has resigned his position, the
resignation to take effect in July. Mr.
Mayo has been a very efficient manager,
and is a successful teacher. His suc-
cessor has not been chosen.

The complete returns in the third con-
gressional district, with the exception of
those from Bigelow in Somerset county,
and Eastbrook and Otis in Hancock
county, show the following totals: Bur-
leigh, 9,082; Plained, 3,157; Lancaster,
302. The certificate has been issued to
Gov. Burleigh and he has gone to Wash-
ington to take his seat in Congress.

Mr. L. F. Jones of Andover, formerly
of East Winthrop, died on the 21st, aged
63 years. The remains were taken to
East Winthrop for burial. Mr. Jones
had been a resident of Andover for
twenty years, and during that time he
had been one of the foremost citizens in
business affairs, pertaining to the welfare
of the town. He leaves a widow and one
son.

The following lines have been carved
on the tombstone of a North Carolina
moonshiner:

"Killed by the Government for making
whiskey out of corn grown from seed
furnished by a Congressman."

It is fully believed at Honolulu that
the Japanese mean to seize the custom
house there, and were only prevented by
the attitude of the local government.
After annexation scenes like that would
not be liable to occur.

Spectacles and Eye glasses of new and
desirable pattern, all fresh goods, are
fitted at low prices in Partridge's old
reliable drug store, opp. post office,
Augusta.

June has been a sad and disappointing
month, this year, and she left us yester-
day, bathed in her own tears.

OUR SUMMER HOME DEPARTMENT.

Below we present a few of the many
kind expressions received regarding the
new department just opened in the
Farmer. That it commends itself to
business men, and is to become a popular
feature there can be no question. Sam-
ple copies containing full details will be
sent to any address upon application:

Kennebec Daily Journal: "The sum-
mer home department" is the name
given to the new enterprise undertaken
by the *Maine Farmer* in behalf of its
patrons. It proposes to acquaint those
who want summer board in the farm
home with the admirable facilities which
are afforded in the homes of the Maine
farmers. Subscribers of the paper are to
have information respecting their facili-
ties placed in the summer resort bureau.
Notwithstanding the popularity of Maine
summer resorts there has as yet been
very little patronage of the farm home
by those boarders who seek the quiet
and inexpensive which such affords.
The farmers in this State, unlike those
in the other New England states, have
done comparatively little to attract at-
tention to their accommodations, to seek
the consumer for what they raise and to
provide a place at their own tables for
the consumer. This undertaking by the
Farmer ought to give an impetus to
such movements.

Prof. W. W. Stetson, State Superin-
tendent of Schools: "It seems to me that
the scheme outlined in the *Maine Farmer*
for advertising summer homes is a
State is an excellent one. It must result
in giving the country a still better idea
of the great attractions of the State."

Mr. R. M. Blanding, editor *Industrial
Journal*, Bangor: "I am in receipt of the
sample copy of the *Maine Farmer* con-
taining announcement of your Summer
Home Department. This new departure
speaks volumes for your enterprise and
must surely have a very beneficial in-
fluence on the farming class and also on
the State as a whole. Maine's future
prosperity lies in no small degree in the
development of her summer resorts, and
whatever will advance the same is
worthy of all commendation."

Mr. Rutledge Alden, Winthrop, Me.: "I
think the *Farmer* has started on the
right track. I am in receipt of the
sample copy of the *Maine Farmer* con-
taining announcement of your Summer
Home Department. This new departure
speaks volumes for your enterprise and
must surely have a very beneficial in-
fluence on the farming class and also on
the State as a whole. Maine's future
prosperity lies in no small degree in the
development of her summer resorts, and
whatever will advance the same is
worthy of all commendation."

Mr. R. M. Blanding, editor *Industrial
Journal*, Bangor: "I am in receipt of the
sample copy of the *Maine Farmer* con-
taining announcement of your Summer
Home Department. This new departure
speaks volumes for your enterprise and
must surely have a very beneficial in-
fluence on the farming class and also on
the State as a whole. Maine's future
prosperity lies in no small degree in the
development of her summer resorts, and
whatever will advance the same is
worthy of all commendation."

Mr. Hon. W. R. Sessions, Secretary Massa-
chusetts State Board of Agriculture: "I
have just secured and read the copy of the
Maine Farmer, and will say that I think
the new departure a grand thing. It ought
to do good to the State of Maine, as
farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its own State, and interest in
its particular constituency, should make
it to the State of Maine, as farmers and
its rural land owners, and be a boon for
the *Maine Farmer*. Such loyalty to its
own State, and interest in its particular
constituency, should make it to the State
of Maine, as farmers and its rural land
owners, and be a boon for the *Maine
Farmer*. Such loyalty to its own State,
and interest in its particular constituency,
should make it to the State of Maine,
as farmers and its rural land owners, and
be a boon for the *Maine Farmer*. Such
loyalty to its

Poetry.

THE HAYING SEASON.

June grass is as ripe as it should be;
The daisies are in full bloom;
Tangled clusters of golden buttercups
Stand where strawberries grew;
And of hardy grasses and clover fast forming;
Swale grass rankly grown in the fen
Warn those who are knowing old farmers
To at once start in haying again.

For to have hay come out in the winter,
Bright, dustless, sweet, tender and green;
That will make all the cows, sheep and horses
Eat each foddering up sick and clean,
You must now ere the daisy heads blacken,
Ere buttercup petals all fall;
Ere hardy grass or clover is rusting,
Or June grass has turned white at all.

So out from their snug winter housing,
Bring machine, rake and scythe, snath and
fork;
And see that the barrel down cellar
Is full of what makes the men talk;
In the snath hang the scythes, when you've
ground them;

Mend the rake, the machine oil when care;
Set the rack on the wheels; and the horse-rake
And harness put in repair.

From the mow lug out all of the clutter
That gathered last winter and spring;
Clear the barn-floor; and over the great beam
Throw the rope that the children's barn
wing;

Mow the grass 'round the barn and the road,
side;
For help, hire strong, sturdy men,
It pays, like the birds, to be early,
And on time start in haying again.

When the dew's on the grass, we'll be mow-
ing,
When 'tis gone, we will open and spread;
We'll begin to hawl in what we've mowed;
In the sun near the zenith overhead;
Then with hawling, and raking, and tumbling,
The rest of the day is soon gone;
And the haycocks lie in the twilight,
Far larger than they do at morn.

And the freckles fly round among them;
And the crickets all chirp with a will;
And you hear in the damp night air, some-
where,
The mosquito ailing his drill;
And when drowsiness steals upon you,
And you're sleeping like all tired men,
You will dream till the gray of the dawning,
That you've started in haying again.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE ROCK IN THE DESERT.

BY JULIA A. LESLIE.

A rock in the desert is Jesus to me,
A shelter from every blast;
When the tempest is raging then hither I flee
And hide till its fury is past.

Oh Rock in the Desert, Oh shade from the sun,
Oh refuge when sorrow is nigh;
How glad to thy shelter my weary feet run,
There hide till the storm passes by.

Oh Rock in the Desert, secure in thy shade,
Firm in thy sheltering retreat;
Life's conflicts I feel not, my heart's undim-
med.

A while the winds and the storms round me
beat,
No foe ever enters, no evil beast hies;
Neither sickness nor death draw nigh,
A peace passing knowledge hath the soul that
abides.

In this "secret place of the Most High,"
Oh come to this Rock in the desert of life,
Every soul that is burdened with care,
There's ease for thy sorrow, there's rest from
thy strife.

Oh seek an abiding place there,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Our Story Teller.

A HAIRPIN.

Mr. Robert Perkins entered his private office with a disagreeable frown. He found his desk at the nearest end, and dropped himself into his swivel chair. Then he lifted his knee in the air, clasped his hands about it, and gnawed at his mustache. Ordinarily Mr. Robert Perkins was a good looking example of manhood. He wasn't at all attractive at the present moment, however. That was the fair haired girl at the typewriter in the outer office thought. She could see him when she raised her eyes above her copy, and she wondered what disturbed him so.

The fact is, he was a very much disgruntled man. He had cause to be. Somebody was spying upon his movements. Somebody was even prying into his private affairs and stealing information that was of great value to him.

Mr. Robert Perkins was a real estate operator, a man of big deals, whose name, in spite of his two and thirty years, was already a power in the street. Up to within a few weeks he had been singularly successful, but now somebody seemed to be blocking all his important moves. Only the day before he had prepared in a sketchy way the plat of an extensive tract he had meant to secure, and now he had just discovered that the price had been jumped on him to an extent that meant an outlay of \$10,000 more than he had counted on.

He knew that his breast was the only guardian of this proposed deal—his breast and his desk, for in the latter was locked the precious plat.

Mr. Perkins was already in his desk key and thrust it into the keyhole. At least he attempted to do so, but something interfered, something which stubbornly resisted the most violent effort. He drew out the key and brought forth his knife. A few minutes of energetic prying and twisting overcame the obstacle. It was a hairpin.

A twisted hairpin of bronzed wire, Mr. Perkins instinctively turned in his chair and looked toward the fair haired girl at the typewriter. She was bending over her work and did not see him. Mr. Perkins knew that the fair haired girl used hairpins of bronzed wire.

Somebody had tried to pick his desk lock with a hairpin, the same somebody who had been making mischief for him right along. Could it be that innocent looking young woman? She handled his letters; she was to some extent familiar with his private business.

Mr. Perkins opened his desk with a bang. Then he struck sharply on a call bell that stood at his elbow. A boy appeared in the doorway.

"George," said Mr. Perkins, "shut the door."

When the lad's back was turned, he looked at the hairpin again and sighed. Then he thrust it carefully into his vest pocket. When the boy approached him, he was gazing intently at the plat where it lay, apparently undisturbed, in the desk.

"George," said Mr. Perkins, "do you remember that I left early yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said George. "You went away at 8 o'clock with Mr. Tompkins in a carriage."

"Did you leave the outer office before closing up time?"

"Yes, sir. I went to the postoffice for stamps, and I came back by the way of Lawyer Briggs' office and left that abstract."

"How long were you gone?"

"About half an hour, sir."

"Was Miss Phillips in the office when you left?"

"Who—Miss Alice?"

"Yes, Miss Alice."

It was a pretty name. It was the first time Mr. Perkins had spoken it, and he thought it a very pretty name, and then his fingers closed on the hairpin and his heart hardened.

"She was here when I left and here when I came back, sir."

"Anybody else here?"

"Mr. Burnham was in just before I left. He was talking to Miss Alice, sir."

"Talking to Alice?"

"There was something in his snappy tone that carried the intimation that Mr. Perkins didn't like this information."

"Yes, sir, talking confidential like. When I looked around, he stooped down and said something real low, and Miss Alice kind of blushed."

"That will do, George."

"As the boy opened the door Mr. Perkins called him back."

"Step across the hall to Mr. Burnham's office and tell him I want to see him."

Two minutes later Mr. Tom Burnham puffed in. He was a short, stout man, with a double chin and a laughing face.

"Want to see me, Bob?" he cried as he took a chair.

"Yes," replied Mr. Perkins. He passed a moment or two worried and puzzled. "He added, 'Somebody is robbing me of my ideas.'"

"Get out!" said Mr. Burnham.

"It's true," said Mr. Perkins. "A half dozen times within the last three weeks I have found myself face to face with evidence that my private papers have been tampered with."

"Seems incredible," said Mr. Burnham.

"Yes, but it's true."

"Suspect anybody?"

"Yes."

Perkins rang the bell.

"George," he said, "tell Miss Phillips that I want her."

"Hold on," said Burnham. "I don't like this. It's all wrong. Just excuse me."

"Sit down," said Mr. Perkins. The stout man sank back in his chair. Then the door opened, and Alice entered. She cast a nervous glance from Perkins to Burnham. Her cheeks paled a little, but her lips were firmly compressed. Perkins watched her narrowly.

"Sit down," said Mr. Perkins. "I have called you in here to ask you a few questions. Somebody has been tampering with the private papers in my desk, Miss Phillips."

The girl started, but she returned his gaze fearfully.

"Yesterday afternoon this unknown was at work again. The tampering must have taken place while George was absent from the office. You, I think, were here until he returned?"

"I was here," her voice was clear and steady.

"Did any one enter the outer office during that time?"

"Several men came to the door and inquired for you. Mr. Burnham is the only one who entered."

"Did you sit where you could see my private desk?"

"Not all the time. I moved my typewriter table to the window and put the screen about me."

"May I ask you why you did that?"

The girl hesitated, but her gaze did not flinch.

"Because—because of Mr. Burnham's attention."

"Come, now, I protest!" began the stout man.

"Sit down," said Perkins. He looked back at the girl. There was a deep flush on her cheeks.

"You mean that Mr. Burnham paid you attention, that you thought you were out of place in a public office?"

Mr. Perkins' voice was cold and hard. The girl compressed her lips.

"Yes," she murmured.

"Hang it all, man," sputtered Burnham, "what has my saying a complimentary word or two to a pretty girl got to do with your alleged robbery?"

The girl turned her head and looked at him, and there was something in the look that made the heart in Perkins' bosom leap for joy.

"I have questioned George," he said hurriedly, as if the business had begun to trouble him, "and he has told me your statement. He saw Mr. Burnham stoop and murmur something to you—and—and you blushed."

"By George," cried Burnham, "this is decidedly unkind!"

Perkins did not notice him. He was looking at the girl.

"I know," she slowly said, "I remember. I will tell you what he said."



"THE PARISIAN."

In the regiment he was certainly not a favorite with the officers, but he always managed to get along very well with his fellow soldiers, for he was so lively and had such a fund of ready wit.

He had scarcely had any education, as he was apprenticed at a very early age, but he had read a great deal—everything, in fact, that he had been able to get hold of—novels, newspapers, books of travel and adventure, all kinds and sorts of literature, and as he had an excellent memory he was certainly capital company.

Then, too, he could sing fairly well, he recited like a born actor, and he was always up to the most irrepressible nonsense, so that he was the very life and soul of the regiment. He had been nicknamed by his fellow soldiers, on account of his liveliness and wit, "The Parisian," and no one ever thought of calling him by any other name. As far as discipline was concerned, he was a very second rate sort of soldier, for nothing had ever been able to persuade him that he owed implicit and passive obedience to the officers, of no matter what rank they might be.

On the other hand, he kept his uniform and his arms in the most immaculate state of cleanliness, he was a first class shot and could march any distance. When it was announced in his regiment that volunteers were wanted for Tonquin, he enrolled himself without a moment's hesitation, for, as he said, he had always wanted to have a look around in other countries. On board the Myrto, the vessel which transported the troops, he very soon made himself quite at home.

In the first place, he managed to get himself employed down in the kitchen, and in a very short time was the favorite of the head cook.

Then, when he was off duty, he would install himself comfortably in the forecabin, and while smoking cigarettes made with tobacco contributed by the sailors, he would read the latest news by reciting monologues and by imitating the Parisian street cries of the various hawkers.

He was wonderfully clever, too, at imitating people and animals, and he had baptized everything and every one on board with the drollest of names.

There was a young sailor, once, who, officer leaning over the bridge during the watch would often roar with laughter at the absurd nonsense going on down below.

For six months the Parisian had been incorporated in one of the companies of a marching regiment, and there had been no hard fighting, several times, but so far, as he himself said, "he had kept his skin whole," and, what was more extraordinary, he had escaped all fevers and illness of every kind. He was just as lively as when in France, and many a time his gaudy had put new courage into the young soldiers.

His superiors appreciated his bravery and sang freely when under fire and the happy way he had of making the best of all kinds of privations and fatigue.

"He's a fine soldier," remarked his lieutenant one day to the captain, but the latter, who had noticed his tendency to insubordination, said:

"Yes, a fine soldier during the campaign, but a bad one in the barracks—a headstrong fellow to deal with."

A little later on a detachment of the regiment was told off to occupy an isolated point of observation near the banks of the Song-Cou. For some time the country round had appeared quite calm and peaceful, and as the guards were on duty as sentinels, the soldiers had for the time being neither fatigue nor privations to endure.

In order that their inaction should not be demoralizing effect on the men, the officer in command saw fit to occupy them in various ways, such as digging trenches, collecting fagots and all kinds of details connected with their temporary encampment. One afternoon a section of the troop was engaged in clearing out the quarters, under the direction of Sergeant Butin.

The Parisian had never been able to reconcile himself to handling the pickaxe, and generally he passed his time in looking on while his comrades did the work, and as he always kept them entertained with his jokes and nonsense the men rose the subaltern in command had ever made any complaint about this. As it happened, though, on the afternoon in question Sergeant Butin was in a very bad humor, for he had that morning been hauled over the coals himself by his superior officer.

On seeing the Parisian, therefore, seated on the ground making a cigarette, he called out to him roughly to take his place and work as the others were doing.

"Oh, they'll get through it without me," he urged.

"Take your place," said the sergeant roughly.

"But, sergeant, I assure you my trade is in metal work, and I don't know how to go about turning the soil over."

The sergeant was furious, and seizing the soldier by his arm thundered out:

"You take a day's furlough for a change, and on his feet and had shaken himself free from the sergeant. He was livid with indignation, and there was no sign of joking about him now. He stepped up close to the subaltern, and looking him straight in the face said simply, but in a hoarse voice:

"Never lay your finger on me again, or—look out for yourself!"

The sergeant, exasperated, laid hold of him again, shouting:

"To prison with you, and we'll see!"

He did not finish his sentence, for the

Parisian raised his hand and dealt him a blow on the cheek, and while the sergeant stood there as though rooted to the spot, wild with rage and stuttering out threats of vengeance, the soldier, without even throwing away his cigarette, moved away slowly toward his comrades, murmuring in a low voice:

"I knew it would come to that sooner or later."

The Parisian was imprisoned while waiting his trial by court martial. The captain, on hearing of what serious misdemeanor he had been guilty, judged it necessary to make an example of him, and so he was sentenced to await in prison the day of his trial at Hanoi.

He made the best of his situation, and when he answered the questions which were put to him by the officer who had been appointed to make the preliminary inquiries about the affair he appeared to be quite resigned to whatever fate might be awaiting him.

It happened to be the lieutenant in command of the section to which the Parisian belonged, and though he was sorry in his heart for the culprit, the officer knew that military discipline had to be maintained, particularly during a campaign.

One night toward 10 o'clock firing was heard in the distance, and almost at the same moment the sentinels gave the alarm to the little troop. Then, all at once, a fierce, deafening volley of firing was heard, and fearful shouts and yelling seemed to come from all sides at once.

In a few seconds every man of the little company was on foot, and, with his gun placed in the gap of the bamboo palings, was firing recklessly on the enemy, who had surrounded the fort.

At the very first shot the Parisian, knowing that under present circumstances no one would trouble about him, escaped from his prison, rushed for a gun and cartridges and, mounting the slope, began to fire with all his energy.

His lieutenant in passing by recognized him and said:

"That's right, my good fellow. Get wounded, and I'll answer for your other affair."

"I'm sure to, lieutenant," answered the trooper, smiling bitterly, and then, without troubling himself about the balls which fell around him thick and fast, the Parisian continued shooting. It was very evident that his one desire was to meet his death there rather than to be shot dead by his comrades by order of the court martial.

After an hour's desperate firing the assailants, numerous though they were, gave up their attempt to take the post, and having retired in all directions, the Parisian continued his work.

The captain, wishing to teach them a lesson, went out in pursuit of them with part of his troop, and, following them up across the ricefields, caused them a considerable loss of men.

Then, on seeing that he was himself being pursued, he turned outside the fort, and, having attained himself he rambled about the city, feasting his eyes on the many wonders which for the first time he had beheld, and now to him appeared almost as creations of fairyland or romance.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the forts of Fredericksburg and Waxholm announced that Christine had reached her sixteenth year. Awakened by the roar of artillery, Carl started from the ground where, like many others, he had passed the night in slumber, and, although yet early, he saw before him the thousands of inhabitants, evincing the same enthusiasm in every possible manner. As the day wore on Carl mingled with a train who were proceeding to the palace, and from his smart attire and handsome figure contrived, although unenthusiastically, to pass the guard and enter the vestibule. The poor fellow, bewildered and delighted with the magnificence which on every hand surrounded him, kept wandering about, regardless as he was ignorant of all etiquette, jostling and pushing aside nobles, ladies, officers and other functionaries, and all who impeded him.

At length, having entered the great gallery, his simple costume attracted the gaze and called up the astonishment of the assembled multitude. Murmurs upon murmurs rose all around, but still Carl kept advancing. He was ignorant of the storm then gathering and had proceeded as far as the door of the hall of audience, when the officer in waiting demanded his name and business. He was about to reply when, catching a glance of Christine, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and pushing the officer aside he rushed into the royal presence, seized the hand which at that moment was extended to the president of the senate and pressed to his lips.

At sight of Carl and his boldness Christine uttered a scream and withdrew her hand, while a hundred arms were in a moment raised to chastise the peasant slave who had insulted the officer and aspired to an honor reserved for the titled and the rich. And now was the criminal who had thus disgraced—a crime arising from his ignorance and which merited not so ignominious a punishment.

When the last blow had fallen, he bounded from the hands of the guards, and casting his eyes toward the palace exclaimed, before he fled, "Christine! that day will come when I shall kiss thy royal hand!" Then, regarding his punisher with a look of ferocity, he dashed wildly through the crowd.

The next day the miner had quitted Stockholm, but he was never again heard of at Norberg.

Five years after this, for which he was the one a young man of some six and twenty years, accused of robbery, the other the head of a band of highwaymen, together confined in a dungeon of

THE EXTORTED KISS.

To the north of Europe, at the entrance of the gulf of the Baltic sea, stands a city resembling in its site "the queen of the Adriatic." This second Venice is known by the name of Stockholm, where in former days reigned two of the wisest and best of monarchs, by name Gustavus the Great. The first, because of his patriotism, skill and genius, had rescued his country from the subjugation of the Dane, and the second, by his indomitable energy and military knowledge, had exalted her to the first rank among the nations of the world. The latter dying in 1643, the crown devolved upon his daughter, Christine, then scarcely 15 years of age.

It was a morning of July, 1646, in Stockholm. The air was resounding with merry ringing of bells, the roaring of artillery and the shouts of the populace for it was the natal day of the youthful queen. Nobles, squires and the learned of the land had congregated to pay their homage to their youthful sovereign, and the peasant from the most distant regions of Sweden had contrived to make his way to Stockholm from his companions, and she found herself alone in the middle of a deep forest. Suddenly she was surrounded by a band of robbers, who seized her, and, ignorant of her quality, "Respect me!" she cried. "I am your queen!" The words fell like lightning on their hearts. The hour of retribution had arrived.

"I am Carl," said "Do you not remember me? I am Carl, the poor miner who once promised to kiss thy pretty hand, and for which you ordered him to be scourged in the face of all Stockholm on thy natal day, but I swore before God that a day would arrive when I should press it to thy lips. It is now fulfilled, and I have now accomplished." I advanced toward her, but my heart failed me, and I wept like a child.

"Prostrate thyself," said she, recovering her wonted dignity, and, covering "Those whom I permit to salute my hand must approach on bended knee."

"Sit," extended to me her hand, and kneeling I pressed it to my lips, proud and happy that I had fulfilled my oath. I departed, first having conducted her to the right path. The next day I and my companions were surprised and taken. But, never mind—I still hold it as a truth, for experience has proved it, that in love we should never despair. There is always a favorable moment, and that it is necessary to be watchful, and when it does arrive to permit it not to escape us. Do not despair. I hope yet to see many happy hours."

The jailer opened the door of the prison and pronounced the name of Carl.

"Along, my lad!" cried he to the prisoner.

Carl was about to reply, but was prevented by the keeper continuing:

"Hush! It is useless. The gallows is ready, and the executioner awaits you."

—New York News.

The City of the Future.

If the predictions of scientists are to be believed this world may be a different place from the place from the present for those who live a quarter of a century hence. The houses, stores, factories—indeed, buildings of all sorts—will be warmed and lighted by electricity, the racket and din of heavy cartage will be banished from our city streets, as everything will be conveyed on practically silent tramways. There will be smooth pavements, horseless carriages, with pneumatic tires; no trolley poles, no horses and no wires. With heat and light supplied, as water is now furnished, there will be no carting in of coal or carting out of ashes. Transferring power will be the gas which will work this grand transformation. Gas may be used for cooking, if electricity is not, and, with no smoke, no dust from coal or ashes and no grinding up of pavements from wheels and horses' feet, the city will be as clean as the country, and, instead of a cloud laden atmosphere, the air will be wholesome and refreshing as that which sweeps over the untrammeled hills. This sounds visionary, but the beginning of such conditions has been made, and it is said that even in ten years much of this may be accomplished.—New York Ledger.

One of Lincoln's Dispatches.

In his "Campaigning With Grant," the Century, General Horatio Porter tells of General Halleck's fear of trouble from the enforcing of the draft and his desire that Grant should send troops to the northern cities. General Porter says: On the evening of Aug. 17 General Grant was sitting in front of his quarters with several staff officers about him when the telegraph operator came over from his tent and handed him a dispatch. He opened it, and as he proceeded with the reading his face became suffused with smiles. After he had finished it he broke into a hearty laugh. We were curious to know what could give so good an omen to the general in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded him. He cast his eyes over the dispatch again and then remarked: "The president has more nerve than any of his advisers. This is what he says after reading my reply to Halleck's dispatch." He then read aloud as follows:

"I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your word where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a blistering grip and chew and chew as much as possible."

—A. LINCOLN.

Tabooed.

"When I was in the lightning rod business," said the drummer, in a romantic mood, "I—"

But the smoking room had suddenly emptied, and he was an outcast among the traveling men thereafter.—Hard-ware.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

Lame Side
Lame Stomach
Lame Shoulder

In fact, every ache, lameness, soreness everywhere, Internal or External, can be relieved and cured by the use of this old and reliable family remedy.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It cures itches, burns, bruises. It is without an equal for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Price, 50c. Per Bottle. Free Trial.

In practice, overworked muscles are not uncommon, which Johnson's Anodyne Liniment relieves promptly. J. C. CANN, Professional Osteopath.

"Best Liver Pill Made."

Positively cures biliousness and sick headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from constipation. Price, 50c. Per Bottle. Free Trial.

Parsons' Pills

Positively cures biliousness and sick headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from constipation. Price, 50c. Per Bottle. Free Trial.

Augusta Water Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Augusta Water Company will be held at the Company's office in Augusta, on Monday, the nineteenth day of July, 1897, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for the following purposes, viz:

To receive the report of the Treasurer.

To elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

To act on any other business that may legally come before them.

J. H. MANLEY, Clerk.

